

## A HUGE WORK

Much of Discharge Work Falls to Finance Department.

Routine Work Is Handled by Capt. Wm. Richie, Jr.

(By Union Pacific R. R. Press Bureau.)

The heaviest portion of the huge work of discharging men at Funston falls on the finance department of the camp, for which the discharge work is in charge of Capt. William Richie, Jr. In addition to the routine closing of service records, hundreds of difficult problems are presented for solution every day. One of the most novel cases is that in which the men have seen foreign service in England, France, Italy or even Russia and have incurred obligations or have been partially paid in the currency of those countries.

As the rates of exchange vary from time to time the date of payment or obligation due which the men determine. Then the amount in pounds, francs, rubles or lire must be translated into the American figures in accordance with the rate of exchange in force at that time. The whole thing presents a task that keeps many experts busy.

In the final paying off of men in the finance office of Capt. R. T. Mary's paymaster, has established a record of 407 men in an hour. The contingent finance department as a whole is under Capt. C. J. Burson. Two thousand men a day can be discharged from Camp Funston when all portions of the big demobilization organizations are running at capacity. This means the closing of the military affairs of 2,000 men by the Depot Brigade battalion to which they are attached on their arrival in camp. The payroll on 2,000 men with all of the incidental problems arising must be finished and the railroad routes and ticket rates figured on that number. It has not been found necessary to operate at the capacity rate yet. The 15,000 men so far discharged have gone out at a rate of as high as 1,500 per day only.

At present in addition to casualties from overseas and other camps and the 10 per cent of the Tenth division, there is a complete battalion of United States guards in camp from the Rock Island arsenal awaiting demobilization and discharge.

Trace the dots to forty-four, see my Eleanor. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## TEETH

For First Class comparatively Painless Dentistry, at the Most Reasonable Prices, consult

PAINLESS ROMINE

734 KANS. AVE. Topeka, Kan.

In the present war, or high cost of living, has not caused him to raise his prices. You can afford to travel miles to patronize him, and save money. ALL DENTAL WORK GUARANTEED. Office hours, 9 to 6. Sunday, 10 to 12. Phone 7786. Lady Assistant.

FRANK R. CONWELL Funeral Home 201 EAST 8TH ST. Phone 287. Res. Phone 850 R-2. Personal Service.

Business Builders Engraving, Stationery and Fine Etchings for Promotion Catalogs and Circulars. Maps and Plans. Designs for Locks and Checks.

CAPPER ENGRAVING CO. CAPPER BUILDING - TOPEKA

## The Mysterious Ways of

## WANG FOO

By Sidney C. Partridge

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

## The Scroll of Woven Silver

In the reception room of Dr. Roger Campbell, surgeon to the English Hospital at Ning Po, there hang many scrolls and tablets which have been presented to him by grateful patients whom he has relieved of sickness and disease. The most highly prized of them all is the one which hangs directly over the mantel and bears the inscription in golden characters:

"He gives his skill and wisdom To save the lives of men."

It is a painting on silk, by one of the famous old artists of the early days, and consists of a Chinese landscape, with a venerable white-bearded figure in the foreground and a waterfall and cloudy mountains in the background. Just how it came to be presented to the doctor and just how his skill once saved a human life, is one of the most curious and interesting of the many experiences he has had in his Eastern life.

The Hong Kong "Daily Press" of a date not so many years ago, contained the following item:

## REGRETABLE INCIDENT IN THE COLONY.

"We are sorry to have to record the killing of a British seaman by some of the mourners in a funeral party yesterday. All the particulars are not yet at hand, but as far as can be ascertained at present, it seems that Hugh McLean, an able-bodied seaman of H. M. collier 'Ben Lomond,' attempted to cross the funeral procession of our esteemed citizen, Mr. Tak Hoi (late commander of the Ning Po Rice Company) and stumbling against the carriers of one of the banners, was knocked down and beaten or choked to death before he could be rescued."

"The jin-rik-sha coolie who was pulling him escaped and gave the alarm to all the parties concerned, who were apprehended by the police, who are giving the case their careful investigation. Such unfortunate occurrences were not unknown in the early days of the white man's residence here, but it has been many years since anything so serious has happened to disturb our usual friendly relations with our Chinese citizens. We trust that on investigation it will be found that the cause of the trouble was on the part of the funeral party and that there was really no intention on their part of inflicting fatal injuries."

"Well, Brownlow," said Inspector Wallace to his Assistant the following evening, as they were going over the case at Headquarters, "what have we got so far? You see, it's a little different from a merchant vessel; this was a naval collision, and so the officers and sailors on the station are all stirred up about it and swear they'll have justice done and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, old Collins, the skipper, stopped me on Queen's Road this morning and said it was one of the most brutal murders he had ever heard of, and, in his opinion, they ought to hang the whole funeral gang, as he called them."

"What did you get out of the rik-sha man? I suppose, as usual, he was so scared he wouldn't say a word."

"No, Sir, he calmed down all right after we assured him they weren't going to harm him and gave us the story all at straight. It was just this way, you see, they were marching along with gongs and firecrackers and all that sort of thing, and about twenty coolies were carrying the big 'long life box' with old Tak Hoi in it, when they reached the cross-road beyond the Happy Valley. McLean had hired the coolie to pull him all over the island on a kind of a spree, and he turned up there just as the chaps carrying the silk banner, in front of the coffin got there, and, as he cried 'Get across quick, John!' the coolie tried to pass in front of the box and of course they bumped into each other and then the trouble began. The rik-sha upset and the banner fell down and then the procession all stopped and they piled on top of the sailor and beat him and yelled all sorts of curses at him—you know how superstitious they are about crossing a funeral—and then, not content with that, they rammed and down his throat and choked him to death. Now that's the plain truth of it, Sir. I don't suppose they really intended to kill him, but when they get wild and excited like that, they're as bad as the Malays running amuck, and they don't stop to think of the consequences."

"Can you find out exactly who did the choking?"

"You see, Sir, we've questioned closely the box-bearers and they all agree—and this is the strangest part of it all, Sir—that it was old Tak Hoi's own son. It seems he's a kind of half-witted chap, that's only been down here from the Ning Po country a short time."

"I suppose he felt it his duty to avenge the insult to his dead father, didn't he? That seems to be the Chinese idea."

"That's what they all think, Sir."

"Have the natives been able to get him yet?"

"They're out after him now, Sir. It seems the old women of the family will have him surely before morning."

"See that he's closely locked up when they bring him in, and don't let any of his family or friends see him on any account."

"Right you are, Sir," answered the faithful Brownlow.

The Scroll of Woven Silver which had been carried at the funeral of Tak Hoi, the Commodore, was from a Chinese standpoint, a curio of surpassing value. It was not only an original hand-painting on silk by the brush of the immortal Liang Lu, the court painter of the T'ang Emperors, but it contained something that the native mind and taste especially admired. The water-fall in the background, which appeared at first sight to be a part of the painting, was a piece of exquisitely delicate silver embroidery and the same was true of the long gray beard of the patriarch in the foreground. The curious fact was that they were exactly the same shape and size, so that the water-fall could have been exchanged for the beard, without making the slightest difference in the perspective of the picture! Thus it was a literal illustration of the ancient saying, "His silver beard is as the falling of the mountain waters."

It had been presented to the Commodore's family many years before and hung immediately over the central mantel, between the bronze clock and the vase, making the "ornaments three" of a perfectly fitted native reception apartment.

After the passing away of the aged merchant it had hung in the place of honor over his "long wooden home" (as the receptacle for his mortal remains was euphonically called) and was admired by the many mourners and sympathizers who came to pay their visits of condolence. It was fitting and proper that it should be carried in the funeral procession when the day fixed by the lucky soothsayer had finally arrived. Suspended from the middle of a handsome teak-wood frame, and covered with little streamers of colored silk, it was proudly borne before him by four bearers clad in the regulation garb of soldiers, while the hired mourners and weepers walked behind.

Everything passed off satisfactorily, as far as the admiring crowds on the streets were concerned—and an elaborate funeral is one of the traditions of their lives—and the procession had already left the streets of the Settlement far behind, when the very unfortunate accident occurred which turned the occasion into another tragedy and caused an evening of very unpleasant tension in the usual peaceful island of Fragrant Waters.

Every house-boy and chair-coolie on the street was discussing it and the tea-houses were buzzing with excitement, while long processions of the curious ones walked out in single file to the scene of the trouble. The naval authorities, fearing resentment on the part of the marines and sailors, very promptly suspended all shore leave. Some of the European residents were apprehensive of a race riot, but the stern British sense of law and order prevailed and nothing whatever occurred in the nature of an outbreak.

In his little upper room in the Alley of the Red Cloud, Wang Foo, the thoughtful scholar and man of mystery, was thinking it all over and sharing with all his better fellow-residents the feeling of the deepest regret that anything so unfortunate should have occurred to stir up the embers of that race antipathy which he was trying to quench. He was not perfectly satisfied with the case as Brownlow had presented it and felt very sure that the evidence was far from satisfactory or complete. To his mind the attempted crossing of the funeral procession was, of course, only the ignorant and innocent act of a sailor, while he quite appreciated the irritation it would cause to the native bearers and mourners. That they should have attacked the white man in their anger he could understand, but the choking him to death with mud and sand was a punishment far more terrible than he had ever heard of in recent years. There must have been some reason for it in the native mind. The more he thought of it, the more mysterious it seemed. He pondered over it all night, repeating to himself the words of Confucius, "To find the root, to find the root," and resolved to call on Inspector Wallace in the morning.

He was just about to call for the sedan when three bearers deposited a sedan-chair in front of his door and the card-bearer announced to him that Mr. Tak Hoi's daughter-in-law was desiring to interview him. The gate-keeper, quickly threw back the bolts when he saw a visitor had arrived, and summoned the Venerable Old One to receive the lady. He ushered her to the principal seat in the lower room, bowing most respectfully,

and repeating the ancient greeting: "Gradually design to take the higher throne."

The tea and pipes were quickly brought, and after the usual formalities, the object of her visit was introduced. Amid sobs and tears she rehearsed to the famous detective the story of the funeral and of all the unfortunate consequences that followed the encounter with the sailor at the country cross-road.

"I have come to you, Sir," she said, "because the foreign policeman tells me that you are very wise and skillful in explaining to them these troubles with our people. They have taken my husband and a sufferer from epilepsy. She had been betrothed to him in early infancy and her sad married life had been the consequence of the rigid Chinese code, which forbade the breaking of the betrothal contract. He had always been the butt of the family jokes and a general scape-goat for the sins of others. She was positive that in this case he was the innocent victim of another's crime. 'Pei tik jin ta yang jin see lao!' she cried. ('Some other man killed the foreigner')."

A ray of hope began to dawn upon Wang. If Tak Hoi's son was really an imbecile, he knew that the English law in its justice could not hold him

responsible. But more than this, he felt it possible that he was being charged with another man's crime and might be entirely innocent, as his wife believed. He resolved to ferret it out at all costs and dismissed his visitor with this assurance.

Arrived at the Inspector's office about noon, he found him in earnest discussion with Sir William Beaumont, the Crown Advocate, regarding the murder and its participants. Both gentlemen were his personal friends and, knowing his deep interest in the case, they readily admitted him to their circle. They went over the evidence together and it certainly looked very damaging. The four bearers who carried the silver scroll had confessed—probably to relieve themselves of the charge of the direct murder—to striking the sailor, but insisted that they had done so lightly, and Dr. Bradlaw

of the Mission Hospital, who examined the body, did not find any serious bruises upon it. They all agreed that the details of the case were of special importance; first, the strange remark of Fung Chee to Brownlow, "Him chow chow glass! Him chow chow glass!" which the latter at once interpreted to mean that the criminal's real intention was to have killed his victim with broken glass if he could have gotten it—the most devilish way of destroying life; second, the comment innocently dropped by Surgeon Bradlaw, the inquest that McLean was evidently thrown into an epileptic fit by the overturning of his jin-rik-sha; and, third, the shrieking out of the word, "Yang! Yang!" ('Ocean! Ocean!') by the murderer as he forced the clay down his victim's throat—

which the coffin-bearers at once interpreted to mean, "Throw him into the sea!"

What was the strange and mysterious connection between epilepsy, broken glass and the sea? This was the problem that presented itself to the mind of Wang as he lay thinking on his bamboo couch and, to help solve it, he sent Old Chang for the Abbot.

"Venerable Father," he said, as the old priest from the Temple of the Queen of Heaven entered, "my humble cottage is much honored by your presence. I pray you take the seat of dignity."

"For a long time I have not had the pleasure of your gracious smile; may all the blessings of the Buddha Three be yours! I am here to serve you—let me know how a humble disciple can be of service to you. The monks and nuns have been waiting for you during the next few days, but the doors

Mr. John Crowder was certainly to be the lawyer for the defense, but Mr. Wang Foo was without any question to be his rule and advisor. They had many and long conferences together during the next few days, but the doors

ings were over, they proceeded to the quiet precincts of the upper chamber and the interview began. They talked long and earnestly and, as even in China two heads are better than one, new light began to dawn upon the problem. They cleared up the mystery of the cry of "Ocean," that that was merely a synonym for "Foreigner" or "Ocean man" and Abbot remembered that in Ning Po it was the word for "Sheep" with a slightly different tone. "Him chow chow glass" was (with the exchange of the letter "r" for "y") an attempt to say, "The sheep eats grass." So far so good—the connection between the sheep and grass was clear, but the mystery of the choking with the sand or clay was still unsolved, so, acting on the Venerable Father's advice, Wang Foo decided to engage passage on the first steamer for Ning Po.

Four days up the China coast and the vessel glided slowly to her wharf amid the rows and rows of junks and cargo boats. The latter—as well as the foreign steamer—were all adorned with large goggle eyes upon their bows, enabling them, according to the native notion, more clearly to see their way in the darkness.

"What for that junk boat have got eyes fore-side?" was the usual foreign inquiry, and the native pigdin answer was always the same:

"No have got eye, how fashion can see? 'Spoo' no can see, how can savee what side waklee?"

Our detective selected a room at the "Inn of Tranquil Waters," and after a good night's rest, sent in his card the morning to Dr. Campbell, of the English Hospital. He was most graciously received and ere long had deeply interested the surgeon in the mysterious Hong Kong murder. What he ascertained from him and what he planned together to save the life of Fung Chee belongs to a later day in the story. Suffice it to say that Dr. Campbell promised to give up his practice for a week and to be on hand in the Colony at the time set for the preliminary hearing, while Wang Foo returned on the steamer a few days ahead.

The company had assembled at Government House, Sir Arthur was in the Judge's chair; on his right sat Rear-Admiral O'Connor, of His Majesty's Navy, and on his left Colonel The Hon. Lloyd Chatham, in command of the Lancashire Regiment, now garrisoning the Colony. The lawyers occupied seats at the green baize table in front of them and places of honor were reserved for the Chinese Consul and his suite.

William Beaumont, the Crown Advocate, opened the case and described all that took place on the fatal day. He read the testimony of the various witnesses taken under oath, and concluded with an appeal for the full penalty of the law, "which, unless duly administered would endanger the life of every European in His Majesty's Colony."

Mr. John Crowder arose to open for the defense. There was an impressive silence as all eyes turned towards him. "Your Excellency and Gentlemen," he began, "I am proud beyond words to stand here today and plead for the release of an entirely innocent person."

"The remains yet to be proven—" interrupted the Governor.

"It shall be proven, Sir, beyond the shadow of a doubt," he continued. "I am not dealing today with the question of the law, but with the question of the fact. That was a small matter, comparatively, and was only an outburst of passion against a supposed insult to the departed. I claim that the same thing would have taken place in England, if a Chinese sailor had at-

thousand Huns captured by General Haig, when there was no fight at all. We thus induced three men to enlist. In all, we have had General Foch capture three thousand cannon, and we think we have done our full duty."

As to our future, we shall continue to be an independent Democratic-Republican-Prohibition-Socialist organ. We thus draw subscribers from all parties and please all politicians."

Last year we ran an average of twenty murders in every issue. Our subscribers liked it and prayed for more. We shall make the average thirty for the coming year, even if we

have to invent half of them. No railroad in the United States will give us a pass, as was formerly the custom, and we shall continue to abuse them. Almost every issue will contain a red-hot editorial on the mismanagement of some railroad.

Last year we ran a column of Biblical verses and sayings. They did not help our circulation any, and that column will be missing in the future. Maybe the Bible is too boring, and maybe it didn't. It is not for us to mix in. Jonah was vanished and so has the whale, and we hope that good luck has gone with them.

tempted to break up a funeral procession. People's feelings are the same in this matter all the world over.

If I propose to show, gentlemen, not only that my client is entirely innocent of the charge of murder, but that he was actually trying to save human life at the very moment that he is accused of having tried to destroy it, Dr. Bradlaw of the Hong Kong Mission Hospital will be my first witness and will testify that McLean was suffering from an epileptic fit at the time of the accident. (Dr. Bradlaw being unable to be present, the most, Mr. Crowder read his testimony to the above effect.)

"We have with us today, Dr. Campbell of the Ning Po Hospital, who has come all this way out of interest in the case and who will now explain the circumstances to you."

Dr. Campbell arose and addressed the Governor:

"Your Excellency and gentlemen," he said, "I have often been called upon to explain to my European friends the curious and, to our minds, superstitious ways of this people, which often involve them in serious difficulties with the white man. We have a very interesting instance before us today. It is the firm belief of the country people in our Province that when a man falls in an epileptic fit, his soul has temporarily departed from his body and the soul of the sheep has come in for the while to take its place. In order to preserve the patient's life, it is absolutely necessary that the sheep be fed on grass or hay until the soul returns. This explains why they invariably knock upon the first bunch of grass they can find and force it into the victim's mouth."

"Fortunately, I happen to remember the prisoner. My hospital books show that he was treated by me for this very same disease some years ago."

"You are quite positive about the record?" inquired the Admiral.

"Perfectly positive, Sir."

"Having been a victim of it himself, and having seen the 'sheep and grass' treatment applied to him, he naturally vividly remembered it. Poor, half-witted creature that he is, he saw the sailor fall in the fit and the excitement brought back to him his own experience. He naturally rushed for the first grass or hay he could find and pushed a handful of it into the patient's mouth. Now comes the sad and unfortunate sequel—being winter time, the grass was withered and dry, his anxiety to sustain the quivering life, he unconsciously pulled up a quantity of gravel and clay with the roots, and it was this that choked the patient to death."

"This is a glorious piece of testimony, not only for British justice, but equally for British skill and mercy. The life of a native subject has been hanging in the balance and we have come dangerously near to convicting of a capital crime an apparently perfectly innocent person. Dr. Campbell, this entire community, both foreign and native, owes you a debt which it is hard to estimate, and which only goes to show how careful we must be in procedure of this kind and how dependent we are upon the intimate knowledge of the Chinese ways which your learned profession and your devoted work have brought you." Inspector Wallace, you will at once release the prisoner and restore him to his family."

"I thank your Excellency for these gracious words," replied the doctor, "but the credit for the saving of this man's life belongs not to me, but entirely to your honored fellow-citizen, Mr. Wang Foo, whose untiring devotion to the cause of right and truth, and whose trip to Ning Po, were the means of bringing this release about. Give honor to whom honor is due."

"Mr. Wang," added his Excellency, "it is not the first time that this Colony has profited by your skillful and unselfish labors in the cause of justice. We all deeply grieve to learn of your expression of the feelings of all my colleagues present when I say that we are justly proud of numbering you among our fellow-citizens. You have helped us in the many ways to bring about peace and harmony between foreigner and native and your work today will insure even a better relationship between us than we have ever known before."

The Chinese detective, who had been modestly occupying a seat in the rear of the room, arose and bowed his acknowledgments.

"I have merely tried, your Excellency, humbly to carry out the teachings of our Master, who taught the people in days of old to 'Search out the root and find the way to harmony.'"

The family of Tak Hoi, the Commodore, insisted on presenting to the Venerable Scroll of Woven Silver to the detective. "No, not to me, but to the foreign doctor," he replied, as with gongs and fire-crackers the procession of grateful Chinese bore it to his residence. "You see the case is now closed. And this is why the scroll now hangs above the doctor's mantel."



Fung Chee, the "Lunatic" as they called him, had deliberately killed McLean by filling his mouth with sand and clay thus choking him to death. The coolies had no interest in the matter beyond standing by and seeing the white man wretched.

## THE ARIZONA KICKER

A REVIEW OF THE PAST AND A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

By M. QUAD

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

It is customary for newspapers at this time of the year to publish a review of the past and a look into the future. They always brag and they always lie. We shall not depart from the custom, as we do not wish to appear vulgar and strange. Robbing us. During the past year the editor of The Kicker has shot and wounded

three men who came to shoot and kill or wound him. It was their bad luck and our good luck. We have a hammerless gun and it never catches as we draw it. We also draw about two seconds ahead of the other fellows. We shall continue to shoot everybody who comes to shoot us. We practice one hour daily in pulling a gun and getting the first shot.

We have played about five hundred games of poker, and in almost every game we were the winner. As near as we can estimate, we are four hundred dollars ahead of the game. This should and does bring a warm glow of satisfaction to the heart of an editor. We have entered our mule in fifty thirty races and he has won every time but once. We estimate that the mule has earned us three hundred dollars. This should, and does, bring another warm glow.

During the last year we have been stopped by two highwaymen, but the amount of money they took from us would not buy five cigars. Robbing an editor out in this country is a poor job. The Kicker has been a leader in patriotism during the last year. By our own personal efforts we have sent twenty different men to war and are still on the job. We have made about fifty patriotic speeches and have spent at least one hundred dollars in buying

American flags and keeping them flapping for twenty-four hours in a day. We are backing the President with our money, our voice and our influence, and shall continue to do so. We also pay our income and revenue tax with the greatest promptness. We drove the last pro out of Givensdam Gulch at the muzzle of a gun and we got a bullet through our hat while accomplishing the drive.

When we have had no great news to print, we have always made up some and claimed a great victory. This has served to keep the boys in good humor. In a late issue we had two hundred

thousand Huns captured by General Haig, when there was no fight at all. We thus induced three men to enlist. In all, we have had General Foch capture three thousand cannon, and we think we have done our full duty. As to our future, we shall continue to be an independent Democratic-Republican-Prohibition-Socialist organ. We thus draw subscribers from all parties and please all politicians."